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**S i m s R e e v e s '
illustrated song book**

London

[18--]

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SIMS REEVES' ILLUSTRATED SONG BOOK.

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LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON,
60, St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

Sims Reeves' Illustrated Song Book.

DOWN IN OUR VILLAGE.

When first I was a shepherd's boy,
Can I forget, ah, never!

The simple songs I sung
with joy,
In rustic strains so clever.

When work was done,
all clean and neat,
From sowing, plough
and tillage,
I went where lads and
lasses meet,
Down, down in our
village.

'Twas on the green,
where they all danced,
I first beheld my Fanny.
She look'd so nice, when
she advanced,

None half so well—not
any.

Now, when next morn
my work began,
At sowing, plough or
tillage,

I thought of nought but
little Fan,
Down, down in our
village.

My dad and mam cry, "Fie, for shame!"
And laugh, and joke, and jeer me.
Because I'm young, think I'm to blame?
From Fan they want to tear me.
But lads and lasses, dad and main,
And sowing, plough and tillage,
I'd give up all for charming Fan,
Down, down in our village.

But I don't mean to leave my home,
Nor Fanny yet to marry,
'Till money we've both saved a sum;
We're both resolved to tarry.
And then the village bells shall ring,
No sowing, plough or tillage,
But Fan will dance, and I will sing,
"Down, down in our village."



A life by the galley fire.

A life by de galley fire,
A home in de good old ship,
Where de waves curl higher and higher,
Like a nigger's under lip;
Like a coon, in a cage, I pine,
While on de stan-still shore,
Give me de pickle brine,
And de black caboose once more.

A life by de, &c.
In de old caboose I stan',
Among de fire and pot,
An' dare I hab comman'
Of wittles smoking hot;
I sit and toast my shins,
And work my old jaw bone,
An' when de storm begins,
I sing him dis yar tune.

A life by de, &c.
Wid a slice ob good fat ham,
Cooked brown as a nigger's skin,
My wittles-chest I cram,
And like a shark I grin.
An' when eight bells hab struck
Away I goes to roos',
And sleep like a black sea duck,
An' dream ob de ole caboose.

A life by de, &c.

The man that couldn't get cool.

All you who love your liquors strong,
Come list (I'll not detain you long),
Unto the burden of my song,
The man that couldn't get cool!
Who brandy drank, till he became
So hot, he seem'd a walking flame,
And such a Bacchus face he got,
'Twas like a ruby, red-red hot.
In midst of wintry rain or snow,
If standing still, or walking slow,
Look'd ever in a glorious glow.

The man that couldn't get cool!
Smokery, flumery, flamery, phiz,
Flashery, sparkery, firework, whiz,
Jeminy cracks, how hot it is;
The man that couldn't get cool!

Great coat or cloak he never bore,
His breast was always bare before,
And collar, a la Byron, wore,
The man that couldn't get cool!
A sort of glory you might trace,
E'er shining round his sunny face,
He glow'd as if he'd run a race,
And like a stove he warm'd the place;
In midst of ice he did prespire,
And whenever splash'd by rain or mire,

He spat and sputted like a fire,
The man that couldn't get cool!

As in the fields he sometimes lay
To chill himself, his nose, they say,
Set fire to several ricks of hay,

The man that couldn't get cool!
Of course, this country soon for him
Became too hot, so he by steam
Resolv'd to visit the icy pole,
And while on board, for want of coal
The ship would have been forc'd to stop,

But in the boiler he did pop,
And thus the proper steam kept up,
The man that couldn't get cool!

By brandy drinking he a sight
At last became, for all a light,
He walk'd about the polar night,
The man that couldn't get cool!
Like fam'd snap dragon, burning blue
He then appear'd, and all the crew
Who found they could not doase his
glim,
Or at their 'bucca pipes by him.

And when the northern light arose.
The sailors swore the real cause
Of 'Rora Borealis was

The man that couldn't get cool!

Of brandy he had sopp'd a stone,

And hot as hell he was when

Much he had sopp'd on the

The man that couldn't get cool!

He was so hot, he could not

He was so hot, he could not

He was so hot, he could not

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This tecum is intolerab e—
I'll on some alteration hit;
Like Megrim, I must kill myself
Just to enliven me a bit.
But there's a sameness here, good
folks,
From which I hope ne'er to range,
Your happy smiling faces round,
I never can wish them to change!

Going out to Market.

Tune—"Going out Shooting."

Once I was never satisfied with how
the cash was laid out,
I thought for once that I would pro-
vide, and see how it was paid out,
The money went so precious fast, it
almost drove me raving,
And I says to my wife, 'Julia, my dear,
let's both try to be saving.'
My wife did chaff, the boys did laugh,
The neighbours all did lark it—
Then, with this basket on my arm,
I toddled out to market.

I scarcely had got down the street,
when up came neighbour Kenny
Says he, 'It is your turn to treat—
come, spend your market penny.'
Away we toddled to 'The Clown,' for
drink I felt a craving;
And at skittles lost near half a crown,
oh, wasn't that a saving?

My wife, &c.
Now when they found the beer and
ale had got into my noddle,
They put a dish-cloth to my tail,
and call'd me Molly Coddle;
And as along the street I tried to pass,
I was tripp'd up on the paving,
I fell bang through two panes of glass,
now there was a precious saving!

My wife, &c.
I then went to the butter shop, to buy
a pound of bacon,
In hope misfortunes there would end
but I found myself mistaken—
Their dog flew out and bit my legs, I
found my senses raving,
Then backwards I fell in a box of
eggs—oh, dear, thanks I, here's
a saving!

My wife, &c.
The butcher next, a sly old rogue,
must have a heart quite stoney,
To sell me that for tender meat, which
he knew was tough and boney,
And next to that, me being strange
to all their tricks and knaving,
He forgot to give me back my change,
oh, lord! thanks I, here's a saving.

My wife, &c.
The grocer's shop I next went to, and
there another shock met,
A man came in and collar'd me, and
said I'd pick'd his pocket.
The police came in the cause to learn,
and quick my hat did stave in,
While some thief stole the whole con-
cern—oh, wasn't that a saving!

My wife, &c.
They took me to the station house,
and next day being Sunday,
They never let me change my clothes
till twelve o'clock on Monday,
So married men, through all your lives
you will find it quite depraving,
To take these matters from your
wives, you will lose instead of
saving.

For your wives will chaff, and the
boys will laugh,
The neighbours all will lark it—
If with a basket on your arm,
You toddle out to market.

Anything to make a change.

Nothing to me is more tedious,
Than, at least, to see a change;
To see and sleep, to eat and drink,
To drink and eat, to see and sleep,
The same dull labour o'er and o'er,
Day after day the same dull range;
I'm really mad, and fairly staid,
For anything to make a change!

I've got a wife who's amiable—
Does everything my mind to sooth,
No earthly thing can ruffle her,
Her temper is so very smooth,
Now, other men can meet with scolds
Who'll fight, and drink, and from
them range,

I wish my wife would thrash me well
Oh, anything to make a change!

The joys of having constant health,
I've heard the ailing often praise;
I'm thirty turn'd yet ne'er have had
A whole hour's illness in all my
days!

All suffer something but poor I,
Which is most vexing, sad, and
strange,

I can't e'en get a broken leg,
Or anything to make a change!

An accident by flood or fire,
Every one but I can meet;
Can fall into the river, or
Can get burnt out or some such treat
I leave a candle carelessly

At home when out at night I range,
But I ne'er find my house burnt down
Or any thing to make a change!

For years have I belonged to clubs,
And money paid and pay it still,
But ne'er have had a farthing out,
For luck I ne'er had to be ill!

'Tis not that I the money want,
But I'd the sameness disarrange,
Oh, for a little wholesome pain,
Or anything to make a change!

Manching ravenously, I've seen,
A baked potatoe, some poor wight,
And I have look'd with envy at
The ragged rascal's appetite;

On luxuries I feast each day,
Just like the dairy bee on wax,
But oh! for bread and water,
Or anything to make a change!

He tells me, in danger
distance.

[Music—at Juliet's.]

HE tells me, in danger and distance.
All the glory he vowed to maintain
No dishonour shall ever profane;
He tells me the charm of existence
Is friendship that firm can remain!
He tells me that love but a cheat is,
Beaming, then flying away,
And tho' he at most times discreet is,
Yet he told me in whispers one day,

One day—

"Keep in Venice, your hand on your
lip,

On your lip,—yes, on your lip,
'Tis a spot delightfully gay;
Yet they should hear you only say—
Tra, la, la, la, la."

I know that he scornfully feeleth
All the value of virtue and fame,
For himself and his country the same;
I know that if sorrow a spell doth,
His heart ne'er rejecteth its claim.
I know that if war or if peace is,
Prudence is ever his guide;
To prove that his caution increases,
Only last night he told me aside,—

Aside,—

"Keep in Venice, your hand on your
lip,

On your lip,—yes on your lip,
'Tis a spot delightfully gay,
Yet they should hear you only say—
Tra, la, la, la, la."

The Dart of love.

[Music—at Webster and Co's.]

THE dart of love was feathered first
From Folly's wing they say,
Until he tried his shaft to shoot
In Beauty's heart one day;
He miss'd the maid so oft, he said,
His aim became untrue,
And Beauty laugh'd at his last shaft
He from the quiver drew.
"In vain," said she, "you shoot at me,
You little, spiteful thing—
The feather on your shaft I scorn,
When pluck'd from Folly's wing."

But Cupid soon fresh arrows forged,
And fitted to his string,
And each new shaft he feather'd from
His own bright glossy wing.
He shot, until no plume was left
To waft him to the sky,
And Beauty smiled upon the child,
When he no more could fly.
"Now, Cupid, I am thine," she said
"Leave off thy archer play,
For Beauty yields when she is sure
Love will not fly away."

Mighty Mars.

MIGHTY Mars alone invoking,
Upon my sword relying,
To the strife, my foes provoking,
My love—my crime—at once
Adagio boldly claiming,
All the gods of Gaul defying,
Soon their forests shall be flaming,
Soon their altars overthrown.

The Irish Emigrant.

[Music—at Campbell and Co's.]

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary, where
we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago
when first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh & green,
and the lark sung loud and high,
And the dew was on your lip, Mary, and
the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the
day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and
the corn is green again,
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
and thy warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
you never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, the
village church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary, I
see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
and my step might break your rest,
Where I've laid you, darling, down to
sleep, with your baby on your
breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the
poor make no new friends,
But oh, they love the better the few
our Father sends,
And you were all I had, Mary, my bless-
ing and my pride,
There's nothing left to care for now,
since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my
Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the
land I'm going to,
They say there's bread and work for
all, & the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland, were it
fifty times as fair.

Bachelor's Fare.

ONE night my sweetheart came to woo,
When I was left and lonely,
He looked so kind and handsome, too,
I loved him and him only.
The village chime told supper time,
What could I do, dear missus?
For, as I live, I'd nought to give,
But bread and cheese, and kisses.
But bread and cheese, &c.

He asked my hand with such a grace,
What woman could refuse him?
I think, had you been in my place,
You'd say 'twas right to choose him;
I hung my head, and, simpering, said,
What could I say, dear missus?
I will be thine, though we should dine
On bread and cheese, and kisses.
On bread and cheese, &c.

Next morning we exchanged our vows,
I prized his golden present,
Which seems like magic to disclose
Each moment something pleasant.
His cheerful smiles each care beguiles,
Believe me, dearest missus,
'Tis bliss to share with him our fare,
Though bread and cheese, & kisses,
Though bread and cheese, &c.

Yes, I have dared to love
thee.

YES, I have dared to love thee,
Cold and senseless though I seem,
And sweet have been the phantasies
Of this, my heart's first dream.

The sun does not a brighter beam
On all creation pour,
Than that which now lights up the mind,
Where all was dark before.

Alas he shines on hill and dale,
On valley, mount, and sea;
And as he is to one of these,
Thou'rt even that to me.

'Twas not thy beauty that enthral'd,
And yet thy form is fair;
The painter's eye would love to dwell
On all the graces there.

It was thy mental loveliness
That bound my soul to thine;
And made me dream of happiness,
Oh, can it e'er be mine.

Thy magic tones have lured me,
Into paths before untrod,
And led by wondering spirits back,
A captive to its God.

Yes, still this lonely heart must love,
Even I knew not how well,
Until the blight of sickness
On thy youthful beauty fell.

I thought 'twas admiration,
And esteem I felt before,
But then I knew I loved
And in that hour I loved thee more.

Then chide me not, if I confess
My heart's no longer free!
Thou hast made me love thee, lovely,
Then can I help loving thee.

My Village Home.

[Music—at May's.]

MY village home, my village home,
How dear thou art to me!
Tho' many years have passed away
Since last I quitted thee;
The hills and dales are green as then,
The lark sings just as gay,
But those I loved are changed and gone,
For ever passed away.

My village home, &c.

The village church, the village church,
I see it 'mid the trees,
Again I hear the merry bells
Upon the passing breeze;
The valley green, the silver brook,
Are all beloved by me,
But those I prized above them all,
I never more shall see.

My village home, &c.

Alas, those chimes, so sweetly pealing.

ALAS, those chimes, so sweetly pealing
Gentle dulcet to my ear,
Sound like pity's voice, revealing
To the dying "death is near!"
Still he slumbers, how serenely,
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh, that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest

That's the way she sarved me out.

Some poets praise the ladies fair,
Their beauty, wisdom, modest air,
But oh, if they had got a wife
Like me, I'm sure they'd curse their
life.

The very week that we were wed,
My mind was filled by her with dread;
She 'gan to sneer, to jeer, and flout,
And that's the way she sarved me out.

I soon beheld in her a shrew,
My blighted bliss began to rue:
Her mind was fixed on balls and plays,
Instead of home's domestic ways:
And if by chance I said a word,
She soon replied, "'Tis quite absurd;
I'll go where'er I please, you lout!"
And that's the way she sarved me out.

My wife, like others, night and day,
Would dress in silk, in fashions gay;
And then by way of airing, swell
In Regent Street, or famed Pall Mall.
My hard-earned cash so quickly went!
But she, alas! was not content;
My clothes she soon put up the spout,
Yes, that's the way she sarved me out.

Soon after this 'twas my fate to see
A friend of her's she asked to tea,
And said, in artful, modest tones
"I introduce my cousin Jones."
But cousin Jones soon proved to be
My wife's most ardent lover; he
Would meet her oft at ball or rout,
And that's the way she sarved me out.
But fate exchanged my woe to bliss—
My wife fled me: 'twas happiness;
And should I once again be free,
I'll live in peaceful liberty:
For of all the evils of this life,
They'll tease you, vex you, sneer and
flout,
And that's the way they'll sarve you
out.

The song my mother sings.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

It is the song my mother sings,
And gladly do I list the strain,
I never hear it but it brings
A wish to hear it sung again.
She breathed it to me long ago,
To lull me to my baby rest,
And as she murmured soft and low,
I slept in peace upon her breast.
Oh, gentle song! thou hast a throng
Of angel times within thy spell;
I feel that I shall love thee long,
And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
With doating glance of warm delight;
In after years I know not how
Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.
That mother's voice will then be still,
I hear it falter day by day;
It soundeth like a fountain rill,
That trembles ere it cease to play.
And then this heart, thou gentle song,
Will find an anguish in thy spell;
'Twill wish it could not love so long,
Or had not loved thee half so well.

Miss Flora Pink.

Air.—"A man's a man for a' that."

Miss Flora Pink, at me she'd wink,
She'd blush, then smile, and a' that;
Her face was sweet, she'd pretty feet,
With a pretty hand, for a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
A turn-up nose, and a' that,
She always said she was a maid,
But she'd a baby once for a' that.
She bonnets press'd, was nicely dress'd,
In a polka cloak, and a' that;
She wore a veil just like a sail,
And a bustle large, and a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
Her nice kid gloves, and a' that,
She drank nought but tea, but then do
you see,
It had a rummy smell for a' that.
She could not eat the common meat,
But ducks and geese, and a' that;
'Cos it warn't genteel to make a meal,
But I found her out for a' that:
And a' that, and a' that,
She could do her wheek for a' that,
For she eat one day, just for a stay,
A tub of wilks for a' that.

She used to faint at the sight of paint,
But her cheeks were red for a' that;
Her locks fell slack, in ringlets black,
But they warn't her own for a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
Yet she wasn't gay for a' that,
To balls she'd go, if not too low,
And dance in tight-fits for a' that.
She served out facts and pious facts,
For Sunday-schools, and a' that;
But after prayers she'd go down stairs,
And sing comic songs and a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
Oh, how she'd change, and a' that
To servant girls, and cooky's pals,
She fortunes told and a' that.
One day, alas! it came to pass,
I found her out and a' that,
She gotten years, so it appears,
For bigamy and a' that.
And a' that, and a' that,
Though she went wrong, for a' that,
I really think Miss Flora Pink
Was a nice young girl for a' that.

The Wild-Boar Hunt.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

See the bright moonbeam of gold lights
the mountain,
Soon will heild both the morass and
flood;
Now the wild boar drinks from Nature's
clear fountain,
Soon will the javelin reek in his blood.
Hark, the horn calls away, and starts
the wild boar,
When boldly we follow through forest,
o'er moor,
While our dogs bay loud and our horses
neigh;
Through brushwood and dangers, hark
and away,
To hunt the bear, who roar as loud
As Nature's rude trumpet a barsting
cloud.
Together as loud as Jove's cracking
thunder,
We dash through the thicket, and
swim through the flood;
Strange animals run from their coverts
in wonder:
Birds to the air sail away their
young brood.

Hark, the yager's blast: the boar's in
sight.

Our dogs gather round him; he turns
to the fight,
But our dogs turn back from his tusks
at bay;
Then again to the chase—Hark, on, and
away.

To hunt the boar, &c.
Like thunder he's roaring, like lightning
we're flying;

The dogs again grapple, again he's
at bay;

The javeline fires him, and though he is
dying.

Dogs he throws from him till lifeless
they lay.

Hark, the horn sounds his knell and
gathers the band,

With 'aveline raised, round the carcass
we stand;

Then mounting our steeds, right home-
ward we stray;

Till the morning's sunbeam shall call
us away.

To hunt the bear, &c.

Fanny the Fair.

[Music—at Robinson's.]

While larks with little wing,
Fann'd the pure air,
Tasting a breathing spring,
Forth I did fare:
Gay the sun's golden eye
Peeped o'er the mountains high,
Such thy morn, did I cry,
Fanny the fair.
In each bird's careless song,
Glad I did share,
While yon wild flowers among,
Chance led me there;
Sweet to the opening day,
Rose-buds bent the dewy way,
Such thy bloom, did I say,
Fanny the fair.
Down in a shady walk,
Doves cooing were,
I mark'd the cruel hawk,
Caught in a snare;
So kind may fortune be,
Such, such make his destiny,
He who would injure thee,
Fanny the fair.

Forgive but don't forget.

[Music—at Robinson's.]

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea—
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
With anger's cloud upon thy brow;
Remember that thy mirthful friend
Might sometimes pique but ne'er offend,
That mirthful friend is sad the while,
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.
I'm going, &c.
Ah, why should friendship harshly chide,
Our little faults on either side?
From friends we love we bear with those
As thorns are pardoned for the rose;
The honey bee on busy wing
Produces sweets, yet bears a sting.
The purest gold must need alloy,
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.
I'm going, &c.
Then, oh, forgive me, ere I part,
And if some corner in thy heart,
For absent friend a place might be,
Oh, keep that little place for me.
Forgive, forget, we're wisely told,
Is held a maxim good and old;
But half the maxim's better yet,
Then, oh forgive, but don't forget.
I'm going, &c.

Song of the Shirt.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rage,
Plying her needle and thread,
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the song of the shirt:—

Work, work, work,
While the cock is crowing aloof;
And work, work, work,
Till the stars shine through the roof.
It's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work, work, work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the button I fall asleep,
And sew them in a dream!

Oh men, with sisters dear!
Oh men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!

Happy days of Childhood.

I've wander'd oft in childhood,
With playmates blithe and gay,
O'er flow'ry mead and meadow,
And gather'd sweets of May;
We've sported 'neath the elm-tree,
That grew beside our cot:—
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

How well I can remember
The sports we us'd to play,—
So dear are they to memory,
It seems but yesterday;
And oft I sport in fancy
Within the self-same spot:—
Oh, the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

And oft-times in my slumber,
Methinks that I am near
Those ever fond belov'd ones,
In childhood's home so dear;
But, waking from my slumber,
How chang'd I find my lot:—
Oh, the days of happy childhood
Can never be forgot.

Then bless the steps of childhood,
And let their sports be gay,
That they, at least in memory,
May live to bless the day
When they were blithe and happy,
In palace or in cot:—
Oh, the days of happy childhood
Can never be forgot.

Rising Sun.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

On a rocky cliff I stood,
And the ocean wash'd its base,
A prospect 'broad and good'.
The grateful eye can trace;
Not a cloud obscured the sky,
The dawn was bright and fair;
Nature slumb'ring seem'd to lie
Unruff'd by the air.

In the east the rising sun
Display'd his golden crest,—
His daily race he had begun
Towards the glowing west;
O'er the waters of the deep
His glittering rays he shed,
While the sparkling billows leap
From out their liquid bed.

See where bright Aurora twines
Her tresses round her brow,
As the rugged lofty pines
With admiration bow;
Dewy mists, in sportive play,
Their glittering veils unfold—
Like happy spirits flee away
In tints of molten gold.

Gentle zephyrs float around,
And murmur'ing surges meet,
Blending their notes of sound
In music, mild and sweet.
How the grateful bosom burns
With wonder and with love,
As the soul in rapture turns
To brighter scenes above.

Miner's Song.

Words by Henry Howard Paul.

To California I have come,
To dig for precious ore,
The mountains all abound with it,
The rivers swell with more.
On treasure bent is every soul,
We labour young and old;
Our search by day, our dreams by night,
And all for shining gold.

My cabin's made of sycamore,
Beneath an old oak tree,
And through the lattice-roof of branch,
The moon looks down on me.
The stars all twinkling in their blue,
Unnumbered and untold—
Appear while gleaming in their vaults,
Like winking bits of gold.

This mining life is deuced hard,
Ah me! I'll fall a wreck;
For oftentimes I have to work
In water to my neck.
In skins I go all muffled up,
At home 'twould make you stare;
Instead of looking like a man,
I look more like a bear.

Provisions too, observe the price,
And pass the story round—
For salted beef you only pay
A guinea for a pound.
And good potatoes—why so scarce?
O, don't forsake us now;
The Irish miners if you do,
Will kick up such a row.

Society is drolly mixed—
About the mines at work
Are Russians, Yankees, Kanakas,
And here and there a Turk.
Your bosom friend may be a Swede,
A Chinese or a Scot,
Whose language differing from your
Owa—
You talk, you know not what.

The Englishman.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

There's a land that bears a well-known
name,
Tho' 'tis but a little spot;
'Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not.
Of the deathless ones who shine & live,
In arms, in heart, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world
can give,
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who
can,
The highland home of an Englishman.
'Tis the star of the earth, &c.

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the
free,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion-spirits that tread the deck,
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And the flag may sink with a shot torn
wreck,

But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Englishman.
Its honour is stainless, &c.

The Briton may travers the pole or zone,
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will pour from cheek to
brow,
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words "I'm
an Englishman."
It's a glorious charter, &c.

Mother, he's going away.

[Music at Duff and Hodson's.]

Sure, now, what are you crying for,
Nelly?
Don't be blubbering there like a fool,
With the weight of the grief, faith, I
tell ye,
Ye'll break down the three-legged
stool.

I suppose you're crying for Barney,
But don't b'lieve a word that he'd
say,
He tells nothing but big lies & blarney.
Sure you know how he served poor Kate
Kearney,

"But mother!"—"Oh, bother!"
"But, mother, he's going away;
And I dream'd t'other night,
Of his ghost all in white,
Oh, mother, he's going away."

"If he's going away all the better,
Bless'd hour when he's out of our
sight,
There's one comfort you can't get a
letter

For yez neither can read nor can write,
Why 'twas only last week you protestet,
When he courted fat Biddy Macrae,
That the sight of the scamp you detested
Wid abuse sure your tongue never
rested."

"But mother!"—"Oh, bother!"
"But mother he's going away;
And I dream'd that his ghost,
Walk'd round my bed-post,
Oh, mother he's going away."

The Cabin Boy.

Poll Pennant's father was a tar,
Her uncle smuggled tea
And her relations, far and near,
Had business with the sea.
She married Jack, pride of the crew,
One to her bosom dear,
And 'mongst these sailors quickly knew
To hand, and reef, and steer.

That Jack was off, the ship unmoor'd,
She heard with silent joy;
And cunningly repair'd on board,
Dress'd like a cabin boy.
Whene'er to danger he would rush,
Jack still a halibute found;
And were he hurt in any brush,
She kindly dress'd his wound.

The cruise was out; from her disguise,
Poll now with pleasure burst,
Then took her passage in the prize,
And to their home came first;
Jack chas'd her soon; in eager gaze
Unloaded all his joy,
And presently sung out the praise
Of the kind Cabin Boy.

How he had watch'd him; how his care
Had nicely dress'd his prog;
How sung him some delightful air,
As they tip'd off the grog;
" 'Twas I," cried Poll, "that mess-
mate who

In all your toil took part!"
"You? my sweet Poll!" Jack cried
out—"You?

Come to my faithful heart."

Gallant Tom.

It blew great guns, when gallant Tom
Was taking in a sail;
And squalls came on in sight of home,
That strengthened to a gale.
Broad sheets of vivid lightning glar'd,
Reflected by the main;
And even gallant Tom despair'd
To see his love again.

The storm came on, each rag aboard
Was into tatters rent;
The rain through every crevice pour'd,
All fear'd the dread event;
The pumps were chok'd! their awful
doom

Seem'd sure at every strain;
Each tar despair'd—e'en gallant Tom,
To see his love again.

The leak was stopp'd! the winds grew
dull;
The billows ceas'd to roar;
And the torn ship, almost a hulk,
In safety reach'd the shore.
Crowds ran to see the wondrous sight
The storm had rag'd in vain!
And gallant Tom, with true delight,
Beheld his love again.

Jack's Alive.

Sweet Nancy Nouse and Jack Jibboom
Had long been man and wife;
And Envy's self could find no room
To blame their happy life.
Each girl who would a husband find,
Each tar who fain would wife,
These words would always bear in mind,
Nan's bless'd—for Jack's alive!

One Pest, a knowing and false friend,
When Jack was out at sea,
Laid siege to Nancy to no end—
For a true wife was she.

He tear'd her with such doubt and fear,
That his vile suit might thrive;
Yet Hope still whisper'd in her ear,
" 'Tis false,—for Jack's alive!"

He kept Jack's letters back—free'd
news,
Her virtue to ensnare,
And did her patient ear stage
To drive her to despair:

He swore Jack had fallen overboard,
And never could arrive;
When a hoarse voice like thunder
roar'd,—

"You lie, friend—Jack's alive!"

'Twas Jack!—he chas'd all her alarms;
He kick'd Pest down the stairs,
Then hastening to her longing arms,
He banish'd all her cares;
His children to his heart he press'd,
Bid Joy again revive;
While Nancy cried—"I'm truly bless'd,
Thank Heaven! my Jack's alive!"

Sailor's Journal.

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,
By signal from Nancy parted;
At six she linger'd on the shore,
With uplift hands & broken-hearted,
At seven, while taunting the fore-
stay,

I saw her faint, or else 'twas fancy;
At eight we all got under weigh;
And bade a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had
rung,

While careless sailors, ever cheery,
On the mid-watch so jovial sung;
With tempers labour cannot weary.
I, little to their mirth inclin'd,
While tender thoughts rush'd on my
fancy,

And my warm sighs increased the wind,
Look'd on the moon, and thought of
Nancy.

And now arrived that jovial night
When every true-bred tar carouses;
When, o'er the grog, all hands delight
To toast their sweethearts and their
spouses.

Round went the can, the jest the glee,
While tender wishes fill'd each fancy;
And when, in turn, it came to me,
I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy.

Next morn a storm came on at four,
At six the elements in motion,
Plunged me and three poor sailors more
Headlong within the foaming ocean.
Poor wretches! they soon found their
graves;

For me—it may be only fancy—
But love seem'd to forbid the waves
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy.

Scarce the foul hurricane had clear'd,
Scarce winds and waves had ceased
to rattle,

When a bold enemy appear'd,
And, dauntless, we prepared for
battle.

And now, while some loved friend or
wife

Like light'ning rush'd on every fancy,
To Providence I trusted life,
Put up a prayer, and thought of
Nancy.

At last—'twas in the month of May—
The crew, it being lovely weather,
At three A. M. discover'd day.
And England's chalky cliffs together.
At seven up Channel how we bore,
While hopes and fears rush'd on my
fancy,
At twelve I gaily jump'd ashore,
And to my throbbing heart press'd
Nancy.

Peggy Taylor.

The girl of girls was Peggy Taylor,
Her jabbering-tacks were always
loose,

Dearly as life she loved a sailor,
And his name was Kit Osborne.
All hands to sex, the gold was parted;
Peg, in the dismal, pip'd her eye;
Kit told her not to be downhearted,
And swore for her he'd live and die.

Now see the force of that engine—
The ship was order'd up the Straits;
And ne'er of gig was such a sample
As roaring Kit and his menaces.
They dash'd away—these knights mounted,
And scatter'd us vice on every tack;
And, as all sorts of girls they courted,
They play'd the devil and turn'd up
Jack!

They, as all order they confounded,
Chas'd pleasure with a flowing sail,
Till Kit one night, poor, groggy,
wounded,

Was taken up and sent to goal.
Therefore'd in grief to bite the bride,
Upon a cold and dirty bed,
Rumour, that's not a moment idle,
Inform'd them that poor Peg was dead.

One night, without health, food, or
rigging,
Upon the ground, to comfort lost;
He thought his wondering eyes were
twiggling

Either the devil, or Peggy's ghost;
His courage gone, each while perceiving,
He saw, and gave a dismal cry!
A figure to his mind appearing,
At least seven feet six inches high!

Kit sunk in fear of what might follow,
And almost fell into a fit;
Then with a solemn voice and hollow,
The specter cried, "Oh, Kit! Kit!
Kit!"

From crimes like thine men should take
warning,
Your wicked deeds brought this dia-
grace,

And I, before to-morrow morning,
Will snatch you to another place!"

"Then I am lost—oh! day of evil!"
Cried Kit, and on his knees he gets;
"Why!" cried the sprite, "I'm not
the devil!"

But Peggy, come to pay your debts."
"Peggy! and has your heart relented?"
Can you forgive?"—"Yes, that I can!"
He clasp'd her hand, Peg was contented,
And Kit turn'd out an honest man.

Since, Jack, thou art a Sea- man's son.

Since, Jack, thou art a seaman's son,
And born for the good of the nation,
'Tis pretty near time I begun,
To learn thee a tar's edication:

For when out of port
Thou'lt be fortune's sport,
And taste of sorrow's cup,
Yet in thy power
Is hope's best bower,
When Death shall bring thee up

Love honour as thy life;
Ne'er do a paltry thing;
Protect thyself and wife;
Spare foes, and serve thy King!
This lesson learn,
Without concern
Thou'lt taste of pleasure's cup,
E'en to the dregs,
On thy last legs,
When Death shall bring thee up.

And when thou'rt left the sea,
And time has long broke dull;
Grown old and crank like me,
And laid up, as cheer balk;
Teach thy young son
This course to run,
To drink of comfort's cup:
Thy eyes thou'lt close
In sweet repose,
When Death shall bring thee up.

Jack's discoveries.

On a discovery north about,
For many years had ventur'd Jack;
But his discoveries he found out,
Like those he made when he came back.
His wife, when first he went to sea,
Hung out no lights the like to trap,
But neat and modest garments wore—
Round-robin tucker, and close cap.
Expos'd no beauty but her face,
So closely all her tegs were fur'd:
When he came home, she'd not a grace,
But was expos'd to all the world;
But what 'bove every thing beside
Did Jack meet furiously displease,—
No posket did she wear, to hide
Her pin-case, 'wife, and bunch of keys.
Thus haron-scarem would the ring
Hear gear at random, without rule;
Her handkerchief crown'd into a thing,
The women call a ridicule.
As to the ridicule, Jack said, [chose,
He wish'd each girl, who such thing,
Might have the scuffles in her head,
No muckinger to blow her nose.
"I tell you what, Poll;—I'll be kind,
If you'll but change your course,"
cried Jack.
"When vessels won't go 'fore the wind,
We make 'em try upon a tack;
Douse your fallals, take up and mend,
With all this stuff and nonsense part;
So every one will be your friend,
And you'll secure a constant heart."
Poll took the hint, reef'd in her sails,—
No modest Quaker half so prim—
And with her Jack weather'd life's gales,
He true to her—she true to him;
For faithful love gave up her pranks.
Soon set a fashion not quite common,
Gain'd of each worthy wife the thanks,
And Jack discover'd—a good woman.

The Wife.

As a sailor's all one as a piece of the
ship,
So my wife is a piece of myself:
We eat the same biscuit; partake the
same flip;
And, wer't it worlds, she should keep
all my pelf.
All her wishes are mine; we have only
one heart.
One maxim, one pleasure, one fancy.
Not oceans our love for a moment can
part,
For I always am present with Nancy.
When leagues far and wide, for my
comfort and use,
If I want to examine my chest,
What delight to my heart does the ram-
mage produce,
When I'm rock'd in my hammock to
rest!
The cordials and comforts, so tidily
plac'd,
Haul her taught to my heart and my
fancy;
And the needles and thread—her
fingers have grac'd
Quell my soul, till I'm nothing but
Nancy.

Then, as ease that in battle I wounded
should be,
Here a rag, there a bandage appears,
All mark'd with her hair,—and 'tis easy
to see
That she wash'd them, poor soul!
with her tears.
And should I get wounded in fight,
maim'd or kill'd,
What a dainty delight for my fancy!
The misfortune would make me, sweet
love! she's so kind,
More dear to the heart of my Nancy.
All true honest tars have their duty at
heart;
Their country and king they defend,
They spare foes, they love honour, and
never depart
From their post as a Brivar and friend
but now, were their courage so kept up
by love.
They'd indulge in the generous fancy!
They'd fight like the lion, forgive like
the dove,
If, like me, they'd a wife such as
Nancy.

Ye free-born sons.

Ye free-born sons, Britannia's boast,
Firm as your rocks-surrounded coast;
Ye sovereigns of the sea;
On ev'ry shore where salt tides roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole,
Fair conquest celebrates your name,
Witness'd aloud by wond'ring Fame,
The lads that would be free.
Mistake me not, my hearts of oak,
I scorn with Liberty to joke,
Ye sov'reigns of the sea;
Assist, uphold your church and state,
Your great men good, your good men
great
Awe all abroad, at home unite,
And jolly join in faction's spite,
Then, then, my friends you're free!

The Sapling.

In either eye a lingering tear,
His love and duty well to prove,
Jack left his wife and children dear,
Impell'd by honour and by love;
And as he loiter'd, wrapp'd in care,
A sapling in his hand he bore,
Curiously carved in letters fair—
"Love me, ah! love me evermore."
At sever: to behold his worth,
Tokens, and rings, and notes of gold,
He pluck'd the sapling firm in earth,
And o'er and o'er his treasure told;
The letters spelt, the kindness traced,
And all affection's precious store,
Each with the favorite motto grac'd—
"Love me, ah! love me evermore."
While on this anxious task employ'd,
Tender remembrance all his care,
His ears are suddenly annoy'd,—
The boatswain's whistle cleaves the
air:
"His duty calls,—his nerves are brac'd
He dashes to the crowded shore,
Leaving the sapling in his haste;
That bids him love for evermore!
The magic branch thus disclaim'd,
Fat off at sea, no comfort near,

the thoughtless lads he really think,
With many a sigh and many a tear;
Yet why act this unmanly part?
The words that precious tale bore,
Are they not mark'd upon my heart—
"Love me, ah! love me evermore."
Escap'd from treacherous waves and
winds,
That three years he had felt at sea,
A wondrous miracle he finds—
The sapling is become a tree,
A gently bend that graceful, rarely
Enlarged the trunk, enlarged the boughs,
And on the ridge, enlarged appears
"Love me, ah! love me evermore."
While gazing on the spell-like change
Of this most wonderful of trees,
His Nancy rushes to his arms;
His children clasp about his knees;
Increased in love, increased in faith,
Taught from the mother's tender words,
Each little arbutin, hoping, waiting
"Love me, ah! love me evermore."
Amusement seized the admiring crowd,
"My children," cried a village seer,
"These signs, though mute, declare the hand
The hand of Providence is here—
Whose hidden; yet whose acts are seen,
For those its succour who implore,
Can still the tempests level seas,
And crown true love for evermore."

What if the sailor boldly goes.

What if the sailor boldly goes
To distant climates bound,
Braves wind from every point, hat blow
The varying compass round?
No longer, when compell'd to rove,
To make him rich amends,
As the needle goes, he finds his love,
His country, and his friends.
Thus, every danger life endures,
May to a sailor seem a game,
Trouble at sea, only inure
Pleasure that waits at home:
He braves the storm, that calm to prove
Propitious fortune sends;
As the needle true to find his love,
His country, and his friends,

Good-morrow to your wife.

Dear Kathleen, you no longer
Find sleep how very sweet;
Dogs bark and cocks crow round you,
You ne'er dream how late 'tis
This morning;
To have with you a bit of play,
On a college side,
Along to bid
Good-morrow to your wife;
Last night little boy was
With whiskey, ale, and
I asked young Betty Blows
To tell me her mother's name,
But answer'd me, "My mother's
Aunt Anne's name;
The little girl said, "I've rid
So here I've rid
Along, to bid
Good-morrow to your wife."

The Main, the flowing Main.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

The main, the main, the flowing main,
Where proudly rides Victoria's fleet—
The main, the main, is Freedom's strain:
Let ev'ry voice the lay repeat!
The curling seas, with fresh'ning breeze,
Roll playful onward to the shore;
How sweet the scene when all serene;
How direful when the billows roar!
The main, the main, the flowing main,
Where proudly rides Victoria's fleet—
The main, the main, is Freedom's strain;
Let ev'ry voice the lay repeat.
From depths profound the waves resound
And marm'ring music fills the air;
With what delight the prospect bright
Invites the mariner to share!
The feather'd oar puts out from shore,
And swiftly o'er the water glides;
The swelling sail heeds not the gale,
But softly through the tempest rides.
The main, &c.
That noble bark with wonder mark,
Emerging from a wat'ry cave;
Now toss'd on high, it braves the sky,
A feather on the mighty wave.
The tempests cease, and hush'd in peace
The baffling surges soon are spread;
As Nature sleeps, old Neptune leaps
Triumphant from his liquid bed.
The main, &c.

Bonny English Rose.

[Music—at Williams's.]

Old England's emblem is the Rose,
There is no other flower
Hath half the beauties that adorn
This beauty of the bower.
And England's daughters are as fair
As any bud that blows—
What son of her's who has not loved
Some bonny English Rose.
Who hath not heard of one sweet flower,
The first among the fair,
For whose welfare a British heart
Hath breathed a fervent prayer?
O! may it never be her lot
To lose that sweet repose—
That peace of mind—which blesses now
The bonny English Rose.
If any bold enough there be
To war 'gainst England's Isle,
They soon shall find, for British hearts,
What charms hath woman's smile.
Thus nerved, the thunder of their arms
Would teach aspiring foes,
How is the power that defies
The bonny English Rose.
Now heaven's decreed her to the throne,
'Twill be the nation's prayer,
That joyous joy she yet hath known
Her heart may ever share;
That health may long light up her brow,
And, as time onward flows,
It still may be our pride to sing—
"The bonny English Rose."
Beneath her sway may every land
Where she dominion holds,
Be happy as the glorious Isle
Where Freedom's flag unfolds;
From sea to shore, from shore to sea,
The song of sweetness flows,
And O! may heaven for ever bless
The name of Bonny Rose

The Blighted Flower.

I had a flower within my garden growing
I nourished it with fond and anxious care.

Rich in each charm of Nature's own
dispo-ing,
Of tints unrivall'd, and of fragrance
rare,
In an evil hour there came about my
dwelling
One who had blighted many a flower
before;
He saw my gem—all other flowers ex-
celling,
He smiled upon it, and it bloom'd
no more.

Next day I found it wither'd & degraded.
Cast by the spoiler carelessly away;
Its freshness gone—its varied beauties
faded,
Despis'd, forsaken, hastening to decay.
Vainly I strove the faded flower to
cherish;
Nought now remains of what was once
so dear;
Only with life can fond remembrance
perish,
Or cease to flow the unavailing tear.

When time hath bereft thee.

When time hath bereft thee,
Of charms now divine,
And youth shall have left thee
Nor beauty be thine,
When the roses shall vanish
That circle me now,
And the thorn thou wouldst banish
Shall press on thy brow;
In the hour of thy sadness
Thou'lt think upon me,
But the thought shall be madness,
Deceiver, to thee.

When he who could turn thee
From virtue and fame,
Shall leave thee, and spurn thee,
To sorrow and shame,
When by him thus requited,
Thy brain shall be stung,
Thy hopes shall be blighted,
Thy bosom be wrung;
In the depth of thy sadness
Thou'lt think upon me,
But the thought shall be madness,
Deceiver, to thee.

Merrily goes the Mill.

[Music—at Jefferys and Co's.]

Merrily goes the mill-stream on,
Merrily goes the mill—
And merry to-night shall be my song,
As ever the gay-lark's trill.
While the stream shall flow,
And the mill shall go,
And my garner's are bravely stored:
Come all who will,
There's a welcome still,
At the joyful miller's board.
Well may the miller's heart be light—
Well may his song be gay;
For the rich man's smile, and the poor
man's pray'r,
Have been his for many a day
And they bless the name
Of the miller's joy.

In cots where the lowly moure,
For want and woe
At her coming go,
And joy and peace return.
Merrily rolls, &c.

Fair is the miller's daughter too,
With her locks of golden hair—
With her laughing eye and sunny brow
Still better is she than fair.
She hath lightened 'mid
With her winning smile;
And if ever his heart was sad,
Let her sing the song,
He hath loved so long,
And the miller's heart is glad.
Merrily rolls, &c.

The Dream of Love.

[Music—at D'Almaine and Co's.]

The dream of love, that sweetest dream,
That ere can haunt the midnight hour,
The young maid's hope, the poet's theme,
The sleeper's bliss—the magic power
Which to the very soul imparts
A thrill forgotten never more;
For, oh! it brings to youthful hearts
A feeling they ne'er had before,
Then from all dreams of heaven
above,
Give me the dream, the dream of
love.
And that sweet dream was mine to-
night!
When, oh! how kind he looked, then
sighed,
And vowed, my eyes as stars were bright,
And how I soon should be his bride.
But then, it seemed he false became,
And I was scorned and loved no
more;
But why still weep my fancied shame,
The wrong is gone, the dream is o'er.
Then of all dreams from heaven
above,
Give me the dream, the dream of
love.

Speak of a man as you find him.

[Music—at May's.]

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind
him,
That from vice there are none of us
free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the
brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high
honours now.
Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say.
If he's frail, then a kind word will bind
him,
When coldness would turn him away.
For the heart must be barren indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can
bloom.
Then pause ere you cause it to bleed;
On a smile, or a frown, pause ere
you speak.

We were boys together.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

WE were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house, near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
Nor the green home, to mem'ry dear,
Its sorrows and its joys,
Which call'd the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air!
Your heart was like a feather,
While mine was dash'd with care!
To you came wealth with manhood's
prime,

To me it brought alloys,
Ne'er imag'd in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together,
The friends we lov'd of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone for ever more!
How bless'd to age the impulse giv'n,
The hope time ne'er destroys,
Which led our thoughts from earth to
heav'n,

When you and I were boys.

The Banks of Clyde.

Words by A. Park.—Music by Brocas.

HOW sweet to rove at summer's eve
By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
The earth with crimson beam.
When island clouds that wander'd far,
Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some gem-like star
Re-opens his sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home,
That loved the evening ray;
And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
Now sing their vesper lay:
All hurry to their leafy beds
Among the rustling trees.
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
Her splendour o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barques to glide,
As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
And charm the gazer's eye;
While spreading trees with plumage
gay,

Smile vernal o'er the scene,
And all is balmy as the May,—
All lovely and serene.

Rockaway.

[Music—at Davidson's.]

On old Long Island's sea-girt shore,
Many an hour I've whil'd away,
In list'ning to the breakers' roar,
That wash the beach at Rockaway.
Transfix'd I've stood while nature's lyre
In one harmonious concert broke,
And catching its Promethean fire,
My inmost soul to rapture woke,
Oh, on old Long Island's, &c.

Oh, how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murmur'ing winds and waters
meet,

Marking the billows as they roll
And break resistless at your feet!
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling dew,
And, chas'd by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blue.
Oh, on old Long Island's, &c.

To hear the starlight night-winds sigh,
As dreamy twilight lulls to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep.

Majestic scene, where nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasur'd music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
Oh, on old Long Island's, &c.

Turn on Old Time.

[Music—at Cramer and Co's.]

TURN on old Time, thine hour-glass,
The sand of life may stay;
Quick! let the gold-grain'd moments
pass,

'Tis they all debts must pay.
Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.

Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life, oh, stay!

Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away.

For him, oh! be there many years,
Apart from ev'ry woe;
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Despite, old Time, thine hour-glass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet will pass,
If he my wish obey.
Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For May-day smiles and autumn tears,
Are waves that ebb and flow.

It is not form, it is not face.

[Music—at Chappell and Co's.]

IT is not form, it is not face,
Nor charms which they convey,
How'er replete with outward grace
That hold an inward sway,—
In manner, feeling, and in mind;
Are spells that oft impart
A magic, which the soul can bind
While it subdues the heart!

The beam that plays upon the cheek,
That in the eye doth dwell,
If lighted up by thought, can speak
What words can never tell.
And one deep sigh, with feeling blest,
A fonder love hath won,
Than all that ever left the breast;
Of thousands who have none.

Yes, I have dared to love thee.

YES, I have dared to love thee,
Cold and senseless though I seem,
And sweet have been the phantasies
Of this, my heart's first dream.

The sun does not a brighter beam
On all creation pour,
Than that which now lights up the mind
Where all was dark before.

Alike he shines on hill and dale,
On valley, mount, and sea;
And as he is to one of these,
Thou'rt even that to me.

'Twas not thy beauty that enthral'd,
And yet that form is fair;
The painter's eye would love to dwell
On all the graces there.

It was thy mental loveliness
That bound my soul to thine;
And made me dream of happiness—
Oh, can it e'er be mine?

Thy magic tones have lured me,
Into paths before untrod,
And led my wandering spirits back,
A captive to its God.

Yes, still this lonely heart must love,
Even I knew not how well,
Until the blight of sickness
On thy youthful beauty fell.

I thought 'twas admiration,
And esteem I felt before,
But then I knew I loved,
And in that hour I loved thee more.

Then chide me not, if I confess
My heart's no longer free!
Thou hast made me love thee, lovely,
Then can I help loving thee.

The British Lion and the Pope.

GOOD people, pray listen, I'll tell you
a joke,
What was tried on us English by the
foolish Pope,
Who sent us a Bull, oh! what an old
bloak!

To try such a thing in Old England,
In Old England 'twill never go down.

Oh, Cardinal Wiseman, you must be a
flat,

To try in Old England to wear a red
hat,

Who would think a Wiseman so foolish
as that,

To try such a thing in Old England.
In Old England 'twill never go down.

Oh! Englishmen all, if you only prove
true,

To old Nick we will send the Pope and
his crew,

For if once they had power the day we
should rue,

Oh! shocking bad times for Old
England,

In Old England 'twill never go down.

May the star of Freedom soon rise
through the world,

And traitors, and despots, from power
be hurled,

While we keep the banners of Freedom
unfurled,

Sing, hurrah! hurrah! for Old
England!

In Old England 'twill never go down.

Then God save Victoria, long may she
reign!

Hurrah! for Old England! again and
again;

Let us prove to the world that we still
are the same,
True British Lions in Old England
In Old England 'twill never go down!